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JUST COMMON FOLKS

— BY —

DICK POSEY



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JUST COMMON FOLKS.

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Dick Posey

Butter-Side-Down

When I was a little tot, long ago,
My mother would butter some bread and say,
"Run along, little sonny now, and play,"
In those riotous days of the long ago.
But alas, as I started away with a yell,
I stubbed my toe and down I fell,
And that bread and butter I clutched in my hand
Had a habit I never could understand.
It always managed, somehow, to land
Butter-side-down.

When I grew to my youth in the long ago,
I loved an angel with yellow hair,
Willowy form and a queenly air,
In those tragic days of the long ago.
I courted her hard with amorous look
O'er the grimy edge of my spelling book.
But Alas, that school-ma'am of doubtful age,
Married a preacher of meager wage,
And I landed hard in my grief and rage,
Butter-side-down.

Another and I in the long ago
Entered with vigor a Marathon race
For the gilded chair in a lofty place,
We two candidates, long ago.
We toured the country mile on mile,
Our features froze in a constant smile.
Together we scaled Fame's dizzy hump,
We reached the top with a mighty jump,
But,—one of us fell with an awful bump!
Butter-side-down.

Dick Posey

O, frenzied days of the long ago!
How often I've entered the giddy strife,
Chasing the dreams of a fevered life,—
The shadows of hope in the long ago.
While they but mocked me and then were gone,
Yet, nobler visions still beckoned me on.
'Tis the story that most of our tongues must tell:
Though our hands are empty, we've labored well,
For, we gained new vigor each time we fell
 Butter-side-down.

Bill

Bill went to a camp-meetin'
Dressed in his Sunday-best,
And sat him down sedately
In a yaller jacket's nest;
When suddenly, with shriek and yell
He leaped into the air,
And shed great tears of anguish,
Rent his clothes and tore his hair.
The good folks clustered round him,
Shouting praises while he roared,
And asked him which he'd rather be
Sprinkled, immersed or poured?
Bill ground his teeth in agony
The while they all did shout,
Then he sneaked off in the bushes
And he pulled the stingers out.

Dick Posey

From Dad

Glad greetings to you, Jack, old boy, give us your
fist, my lad,

Though half of the world's between us, just "put
her there" for Dad.

I can't write like your mother or a sweet little girl
I know,

But I feel that we're pals and friends, Jack, and
I trust that you feel it so.

And when you and your comrades are thinking of
home, perhaps,

—Well, tell the boys in the trenches not to for-
get their "paps".

They say that our hearts are calloused and un-
feeling, if you choose,

All clogged up with tobacco and perhaps a lot of
booze,

But we'll not argue the question, just give the
folks their way,

And let you solve that riddle when you are a
dad some day.

There isn't much news to tell you, your friends are
happy and strong,

And all of us Hooverizing just to help you boys
along.

The business is doing sp'endid, it has grown so big,
you see,

I needed an active partner, so I took you in
with me.

So you may keep real busy there at your end of
the line,

Dick Posey

While I get my nose on the grindstone and go
plugging along at mine.
Jack, I'd rather take your chances, no matter what
hardships come,

Than to skate along on Easy Street, like the fel-
lows that stayed at home.

Your girlie called this morning, bright and sweet
as the morning dew,

And I loved her, not for you alone, but because
of her love for you.

She talked so brave and hopeful and uttered no
vain regret,

But, when she turned and left me I could see
that her eyes were wet.

And when the war is over and you shall have done
your part,

You will find a priceless treasure in the depths
of a virgin heart.

Your mother keeps well and cheerful, though she
sheds some tears for you,

But they're tears of love and faith and hope and
they're shed for your comrades, too.

I'll never forget the day, Jack, when you answered
your country's call;

How she smothered her grief with a Spartan
smile and swallowed her cup of gall.

I found you kneeling together, you and your
mother, boy,

And I saw on her anguished features the trace
of a holy joy.

I wanted to kneel beside you, but that isn't just
my way,

So I sneaked off into the woodshed and I tried
my best to pray.
And, when you marched away lad, away from the
old home, Jack,
Our hearts were almost bursting,—but we
wouldn't have called you back.
—Here, I guess I'm getting childish like, and senile
with my years,
But your mother's tragic struggle is excuse
enough for tears.
I wish I could shake off twenty years and stand
to your shoulder, man,
And strike those hell-fiends blow for blow, till
somebody's heart blood ran.
I'd like to leap to the thick o' the fight with a
Yankee's reckless zest
And kill my man with a joyful shout and know
that I'd done my best.
I'd love to see Old Glory sweep through the solid
Teuton wall,
And feel the surge of the hot, red blood as it
answered the bugle call.
But they tell me I'm old and senile,—not fit for the
trenches there,
So I'll have to fight old Kaiser Bill with volleys
of red hot air,
But say, if you get him cornered, and he holds
real still, you see,
Just slip in a soft-nosed cartridge, Jack, and
plug him one for me.
Well, I hope you'll dodge the bullets, and may God
preserve you, lad,
And while you're thinking of others, just don't
forget.
Your Dad.

Your Dad.

Dick Posey

From Mother

My own big soldier man child,
I've been thinking of you all day,
And I want to talk to you, heart to heart,
As only a mother may.
I wish I could cuddle you, sonny,
Right here in my empty arms,—
A mother's refuge for grown up boys—
Away from all war's alarms.

That is but the mother yearning,
The woman would hold you true
To the righteous cause of an outraged world,
And true to the heart of you.
Our country has now awakened
To a sense of her sacred trust,
And the mighty heart of a mighty race
Is burning with battle's lust.

We see the flower of our manhood
By the God of nations led,
And we'll feed and clothe and arm you
Though we nibble a crust of bread.
O Jack, we are proud of you, sonny,
That our country, wonderful, grand,
Believes in you, trusts you, upholds you
With the strength of her mighty hand.

We often sit of an evening,
Your father and Lucy and I,
And think of our loved one sleeping
'Neath the stars of an alien sky;
And when Father reads of a struggle
That calls for a courage rare,

Dick Posey

He squares his shoulders and says to us,
"I'll wager our Jack was there."

And Lucy's so sweet and wholesome
With a courage rarely known,
We have folded her into our bosoms
And hold her as our own.
Often I think of you both, dear,
And heavenly visions see
Of my own dear, sweet grand-children
Playing around my knee.

And often I think of the radiant past,
When my womanhood was blest
With the only babe that ever touched
Its lips to my throbbing breast.
Then I prayed you'd be strong and manly
And noble and brave and free,
With a great, warm, tender, loving heart
Like the Man of Galilee.

Ah, little I dreamed in the blissful days
Of early motherhood, *
I should ask you to dip those baby hands
Into fountains of human blood!
But strike! 'tis your mother who asks it,
So long as a Teuton stands,
And I'll face my God on the Judgment Day
With their blood on these mother hands.

My heart is clutched with a burden
Of horror no pen can tell,
As I read of the crimes committed
At the hands of those fiends of Hell.
Pure womanhood, prostituted

Dick Posey

By a bestial, leering foe,
Their virtue sunk in the mire of shame
With their spirits as white as snow.

So, as you love your country
And revere your father's name,
And would fold sweet Lucy to your heart,
Untouched by the blight of shame,
Then do your blood-drenched duty
Under the flag, my son,
And remember the welcome that waits you
At home and in Oregon.



The Junior embraced his sweet Sophomore
And all nature seemed to sing,
While over the fence was the brindle cow,
Licking her young offspring.



Two preachers came to our house once
And talked to beat the band,
And bragged about their ancestry,
And swelled up proud and grand.
They proved they'd both descended
From the good old Mayflower stock,
And at dinner both those preachers
Landed on a Plymouth Rock.



It don't take long to get qualified to set on a
jury.

Dick Posey

Old Doc Bilious

For downright brains and good hoss-sense
And cold, clear judgment, if you please,
And one that knows the elements
Of medicine like A. B. C.'s,
Just give me old Doc Van Der Slim,
Or rather, as we nick-named him,
"Doc Bilious."

No matter what you had, 'y gum!
Chills, fever, gout or rheumatiz,
Or hyderphoby, or some
Name to make your bristles riz,
Old Doc 'ud feel your pulse and say,
In his cool, ca'm, convincin' way,
"Yer bilious."

Say a feller lost a hoss or wife
And feelin' most tarnation blue
And wapper-jawed, why, big as life
Old Doc 'ud look him through and through:
"Yer case is clare," he'd say, says he,
"Take a sasserful of senny tea,
"Yer bilious."

Old Deacon Ames was purt' nigh dead,
Biles and cyarbuncles, Mercy, Say!
His friends had gethered at his bed
To cheer him on his lonely way.
All j'ned in song with Sister Pound,
"Hark From The Tomb, A Doleful Sound."

He was 'bout to leave this vale of sin,
—Jake Brown, he swears his eyes was set,

Dick Posey

Then here Doc come a puffin' in
And made that bunch git up and get.
He drove 'em out and locked the door.
You ask me if he cured him? Shore!

Just bilious.

Man moved in here from Michigan,
His candle purty nigh snuffed out.
One lung clean gone and t'other one
A goin' fast without a doubt.
Doc sized him up and says, says he,
A dopin' out his senny tea:

"Yer bilious."

He wheezed along, but it was clear
He's gainin', just to beat the band.
This galorious climate, and this here
Lithy water fetched him. And
Old Doc he laughed and shuck his head,
"What did I tell ye, boys?" he said,

"Just bilious."

Two surgeons 'lowed that old Hy Stout
Had 'pendeceetus mighty bad,
—Just bound to rip his innards out!
Then Doc stomped in and say, he's mad.
"What you blame butchers drivin' at?"
Says he, "You're talkin' through yer hat,

"Hy's bilious."

He jammed some bluemass down his neck,
And castor-ile and roobarb root,
—'Nough to gag a hog, 'y Heck!
And put a compress on, to boot.
Well, two days he had left his bed,

Dick Poscy

'Course, Hy's weak, but, just like Old Doc said,
He's bilious.

No matter what the trouble'd be,
Old Doc would diagnose your case
Always to fit his remedy,
And camp right with you on the place.
Got so that Doc just loved a feller
'Bout half to death when he'd get yellor
And bilious.

Well, Doc's time come at ninety-three.
We saw that he was goin' fast,
Doc knowed it, too, and says, says he,
"I've ketched it, boys, myself at last."
He kind o' turned his head away
And Bill leant down and heerd him say,
"I'm bilious."

The sun was settin' and the sky
Was smeared with saffron everywhere,
As yellor as a punkin pie.
Doc riz up on his elbow there:
"Why, boys, things' gettin' worse and worse,
Just look, the entire unyverse
Is bilious."



I may be wrong, but I claim that the average
mother-in-law is plenty good enough for her dar-
ter's husband.

Old Lige Turner and his wife are always spar-
rin'. Lige told her the other day that if some
women had cancer o' the tongue they'd talk through
their noses.

Dick Posey

Illuminated Bible Stories

My mama, she says I'm her Sunday-School boy,
And Teacher, she calls me her darling and joy,

(No, I hain't no sissy, neither!)

My papa he says that I'm just doin' fine,
A wearin' my brain out clean down to my spine.
I know the commandments and twenty-third psalm
And John, three-sixteen, and about little Sam-
Uel, and Robi'son Crusoe, and Friday, and Paul,
And Judas 'at's Scared At, he's worstest of all!

My teacher's a dandy, she knows everything.
She told us one time 'bout a nasty old king
That killed little boy babies, and O Mercy My!
Their mammas were scared till they died, purty
nigh.

Well, one little boy baby was Moses, and so,
His mamma she tooked him as careful, you know,
And hugged him and kissed him and wrapped him
up warm,
And said, "Never mind, Honey, I'll keep you from
harm."

Then she went to the river and put him down in
An ark she found there, then she kissed him again,
And washed his ears clean and wiped off his nose,
And tickled his ribs, yes, and cracked all his toes,
And gived him his bottle and put him to sleep
Right there in the flags where the water was deep,
And bullfrogs were croakin' and little cold snakes
Went squirmen' around, and O, Mercy Sakes!
Right close to the ark with a splash and a din,
A great big old bellerin' bull rushes in!
But Moses don't care, he was sleepin' so nice,

Dick Posey

Then his mamma sneaked 'way from him, still as
a mice.

And Moses' sister she watched him, and so,
And then purty soon comes a walkin' 'long slow
The king's bootiful daughter. And she peeked
down

In the flags, AND THERE'S MOSES a sleepin' so
sound.

And she just clapped her hands and spit out her
gum,

And say, "See the nice baby, I'll take him right
home!"

But Moses he cried and she didn't know what
To do with that little Jew baby she'd got.

Then Moses' sister runned up and she say,
"I'll get you a nurse for the child right away."

Then the king's daughter say, "Well, for Mercy
Sakes do!

For he's splittin' my ear drums right squarely in
two."

And Moses' sister she laughed till she cried,
And she run and brought Moses' mamma to his
side.

And she say, "Well, for Land Sakes! now where
did you find

Such a sweet little baby?" and she was so kind
That the princess just gave her the job then and
there,

And say, "Raise the child up with the bestest of
care."

And she did, and he growed to a great big, fine
man,

About twenty foot tall—and beat that if you can!
And when he got old the Lord fed him, you see,

Dick Posey

On quails and Man-man-bananas, as good as can be,
And that's all about Moses.

Now, I'll tell you 'bout Joney. He just wouldn't do
The things that the good Lord had ordered him to.
So Joney runned off then and hid in a boat,
'Way down in the hold with the pig and the goat,
—Nasty old place, but he's dead certain that
The Lord wouldn't know just where he's hidin' at.
But you can't hide from God, why, he sees ever'-
where,

So he spied Mr. Joney a hidin' down there.
And you'd better watch out or he'll ketch you
some day

When you're real naughty bad, for that's what
Teacher say.

And then, purty soon, the old whistle it blow,
And the 'lectric bell ring and the boat started
slow,

Then faster and faster and faster, O My!
About leventy times faster than sapsuckers fly!
Till they get away out where they can't see the
shore,

Then he goes sound asleep and commences to
snore,

And snoozes and dreams that he's free from all
harm,

And then, first thing you know, it commences to
storm.

It rains pots and kettles and hailstones, My Eye!
As big as your two double fists, purty nigh.

And the wind it blow awful, just tearin' around,
Till it purt' nigh turned the old tub up-side down,
The big waves rolled up and they hit the boat, Biff!
And the captain and sailors were scared till they's
stiff.

Dick Posey

Then they found Joney sleepin' and shake him and
say,

"Get down on your old marrow bones now and
pray!"

But Joney he wouldn't, he not even tried,

He didn't care much if he lived or he died.

I 'spect he was sea-sick,—but then, any way,

He feel'd mighty bad and don't care, so he say,

"Just throw me right overboard into the sea,

It's my God sent this storm for to just punish me."

But the cap shook his head, he won't do such a
trick,

—Pitch a man overboard 'cause his stomach is
sick!

But Joney feel turrible, and he up and dare

And double-dared 'em just to pitch him out there

In the ocean. And sailor men won't stand for that,

So they grabbed him up quicker'n you can say

"Scat!"

And they pitched him right out, clean over the rail.

And then, what you think? A GREAT BIG OLD

WHALE

Stood up on its tail and spread its mouth wide,

And Joney could see a mile down its inside!

Then he made a big dive and let out a yell,

And down he went, head first, singin' "Fare You

Well,

Vain World, I'm Going Home," and would you be-
lieve it?

Whale swallowed him whole, never chawed him a
bit,

And down went Joney, slicker'n a red hot

Bullet goin' through butter! Then (like as not),

He lit on his knees in its stummick and prayed,

Dick Posey

And stayed on his knees there and just stayed and
stayed
Till at last God forgave him. Teacher says, if you
please,

"God has many a way to fetch folks to their knees."
Then Joney got up and went wadin' around
In that nasty old stuff, till he purty soon found
A pile o' dry bones over in the s-s-southwest
Corner of its stummick, and Joney he jest
Set down there and rested and got back his breath,
(I reckon he did), he was tickled to death
To find himself cof'ble. Then he got hot
And pulled off his coat and his hat (like as not),
And hung 'em up on the whale's 'pendix. Yes,
Whales has a 'pendix like people, I guess.
Then the whale started out to give Joney a ride
And say, ne went some! I guess he just tried
To see what he could do, just turned on the gas
And scooted along through the water as fast
As a train,—or six trains! Then he come to the
top

And wallered around for a while, then, ker-flop!
He'd give a big dive and go away down
To Chiney, and then he go pokin' around
On the bottom. And then after a while,
When they'd traveled mor'n 'bout a million mile,
The whale it got restless and feel awful bad
'Cause he'd swallowed a preacher. I guess Joney
had

Kind o' soured on his stummick. Then, his
wadin' about
Must o' stirred up his bile, for the whale changed
its route
And pointed its nose to Jerus'lem and just

Dick Posey

Laid back its ears and kicked up the dust.
And Joney he prayed all through the whole night
And promised the Lord he would do what was right.
Then the whale it got sicker and sicker, till last
It run right on shore in the sand and stuck fast.
It stopped kind o' sudden and Joney fell down
Kerplunk! off the bone pile and wallered around.
That tickled its stummick (I reckon it did),
For it give a heave up like a tea-kettle lid,
And boosted him clean to the ceiling and
It just squirted Joney 'way out on dry land.
And say, he had plenty and mended his ways,
And minded the Lord a'll the rest of his days.
So we've got to be careful and mind all God's laws,
Or we'll get swallered up just like Joney was.

And that's all about Joney.

Now, I'll tell you 'bout Solomon, wisest of men,
But it don't seem to me he was very smart when
He married just hundreds and hundreds of wives
Till the preachers were busy as snakes, Sakes
Alives!

Papa says he was a regular old matrimo-
Nial whirlwind, and a rip-snortin' old beau.
Then he winked at my mamma and both of 'em
laughed,
And he say the old codger must o' been kind o'
daft.

He couldn't see how he had time for much fun
When it takes a whole hour just to button up one.
Then they must o' snored awful when they were
in bed,
'Cause "He slept with his fathers," so my teacher
said.

And that's 'nough about Solomon.

Dick Posey

Becky in the Trenches

(Courtesy of Ashland Tidings)

Since Becky signed the solemn pledge to save our
food supply,
She has buckled on her armor and she vows she'll
do or die,
And our Johnnie's at Fort Stevens (he's his
mother's joy and pride),
And she says she'll never see her boy grow ga'nt
and holler-eyed,
So she's planted in the kitchen, standin' elbow
deep in dough,
And shoots volleys of hot doughnuts in our ranks
to crush the foe.
She sends a dray-load every week with blessin's
from the giver,
Then fills her poor old husband up on cold b'iled
rice and liver.
The way she skimps and hoards our grub, it shorely
is a sin,
—Renders the grease out o' the dish-rag to fry per-
taters in.
She buys whole bar'ls of sugar and for sweetmeats
scours the town,
But when I plead for sacyrine she sets the sorg-
hum down.
The barn-yard's full of chickens, but not one egg
I see,
And I'm fattenin' some porkers, yet I know they're
not for me.
But before I strike the level of the man that steals
or begs
I'll revert back to boyhood's days and go to suckin'
eggs.

Dick Posey

Some say this mighty conflict is to level kingly
pride,
Others claims it's Armageddon that old Daniel prophesied,
But if I just had the language to describe the way
I felt,
You'd say old Armageddon's ragin' underneath my
belt.
With the turkey roastin' luscious and the grease
a tricklin' down,
And the hot rolls bustin' open and the mince pies
turnin' brown.
While I wander meek and lonesome in that tantalizin' smell,
Then eat a handful o' dried apples and set down
and let 'em swell.
Of course, I love my country, and I want our boy
to be
An honor to the Stars and Stripes and to his ma
and me.
And I want to see Old Glory sweep the cob-webs
from the sky,
And heal the wounds of nations in the sweet bye
and bye.
I want our boys to sweep the sea, the land and
everywhere,
And whistle "Yankee-Doodle" five miles up in the
air.
O, this old heart's poundin' constant for our boys
from first to last,
But I dream of Indianny where they have mince
pie for breakfast.

Dick Posey

Chanticleer, A Barnyard Tragedy

(An old saw worked over.)

Come to the barnyard, I'll show you where
The chickens, ducks and turkeys there,
Mingle together, a motley throng,
—We wonder how they can get along.
Little chicks that have just been born,
Young roosters "going through the horn",
Turks and ducklets and goslings sweet,
And gobblers that gobble all they eat.
A foolish pullet setting there
On thirteen potatoes, I declare!
A gander limps with the rheumatiz,
A goose has the phthisic, too, I guess,
From the way she wheezes, and looks so sad,
And that old rocster is "Poor old dad,"
Who mopes around and seems to have
A most appalling case of grav—
El (in his gizzard). And you hear
A singing and cackling far and near
From the old hen balanced upon the trough
To the young chick kicking his egg-shell off.

There, grandly strutting in proud array,
A cockerel flaunts his plumage gay.
He's young in days, but O, so wise
In poultry wisdom (in his own eyes).
He's the last one of a brood of ten,
The pride and hope of a mother hen,
Who proudly looks as he struts about
Notes how his tail is feathered out,
And his comb and wattles as red as gore
And his spurs seem itching for bloody war.

Dick Posey

She's proud of this Chanticleer, her son,
But still she grieves for the others gone.
One by one did they disappear,
Till all were gone save Chanticleer.

Thus, in the barn-yard the poultry horde
Lazily scratch for "bed and board."
Some on their nests are rustling eggs,
And some young pullets with yellow legs
Feeling not one twinge of jealousy,
But joined together in harmony,
Uniting all their charms so dear,
They set their caps for Chanticleer.

The object of their adoration
Doth rise in lofty adulation,
And from the gate-post, stately, grand,
He sends his challenge o'er the land.
Then forth there leaps a lusty cock,
The boss and bully of the flock,
With rage to meet this brazen foe!
Then suddenly he stops his show
Of battle, turns in deep disgust
And goes and wallows in the dust.
"That unripe fledgeling," he avers,
"Is yet unworthy of my spurs."

Adown the road in solemn state
There rides a form, slow and sedate.
The voice of Nature makes no sound,
And all seems hushed for miles around.
A deep impending mystery
With dire forebodings seems to be
The burden of the hour. A chill
Of dread calamity doth fill
Each chicken heart ere he doth know

Dick Posey

What makes him shake and tremble so.
Then suddenly a warning note
Springs from a startled pullet's throat!
Their gills all turn from red to white,
Their bills do chatter in their fright,
In silent haste they hide with care
Beneath the currant bushes, where
Between the dense leaves they can see
The coming of the enemy.
He comes. He lights with stately care,
Behold! The Minister is there.

But Chanticleer, rash Chanticleer,
Disdained to make one show of fear,
Though well he knew th' affinity
Between chickens and the ministry.
Still, on the gate-post he did dare
The world to come and fight him there.
—But draw a kindly veil, 'tis best.
He went the way of all the rest.

That evening as the setting sun
Proclaimed another day well done,
The mother of poor Chanticleer
Wandered in solitude so drear,
Among the tall and trembling reeds,
(A sort of widow in her weeds).
She keenly felt the cruel blow
That left her desolate with her woe.
And while she wept in silent grief,
Hoping that tears would bring relief,
And wallowing in the dust to show
The depth of her despair, you know,
A neighbor hen came strolling by
And dropped a word of sympathy;

Dick Posey

"I know, my friend, 'twas very sad
To lose him thus. We all have had
Our share of earthly care and pain,
And often times our lives seem vain;
They are at best so short a span
The while we serve the needs of man.
But we must not forget the high
Plain where we're standing socially,
We, an ancient, sturdy stock.
Our ancestors on Plymouth Rock
Bequeathed us in that far off time
An aristocracy sublime.
And while we mourn your Chanticleer
In love and sympathy, my dear,
Hoping to dull the edge of pain,
We know his life was not in vain.
He's honored us at last, you see,
He's entered now the ministry."

The mother wept in sorrow still,
Then dashed a salt tear from her bill
With drooping wing. "Accept of me
My thanks for your kind sympathy.
It seemed my heart would break in twain
Beneath this awful, grinding strain
But now, methinks I see a ray
Of hope across my darkened way.
My heart was set on Chanticleer,
But since he is no longer here,
I'll take a nest this very night,
Of fourteen eggs so clean and white,
I've just found in the grass, you see,
And raise a brand new family.
Perchance 'twere better thus to yield
Him to the missionary field,
For I have known since this September,
He could not make a good 'Lay Member.' "

Dick Posey

They Kicked the Bucket Over

I recollect a muley cow I used to operate,
And she was the finest milker in this blessed Web-
foot state.

She'd give three gallons twice a day, this yaller,
creamy kind.

And, musketeers, bugs and big hoss-flies, she never
'peared to mind,

Just stand there ca'm and chaw her cood and keep
a givin' down,

And doze off peaceful, half asleep, and never look
around,

Nor h'ist her foot nor switch her tail nor even bat
her eyes,

You'd swear she was a dreamin' of them mansions
in the skies,

—Then she'd kick the bucket over.

I've known some men to work and sweat and toil
day in and out,

And laugh and josh their neighbors, spreadin' sun-
shine all about,

And get their wives new bonnets, load the kiddies
down with toys,

And ear-bobs for the oldest girls and neckties for
the boys,

And go to meetin' Sundays and just make Old Hun-
dred ring,

While we're shoutin' Halleluyer as we listen to
'em sing.

The milk of human kindness from their natur's
seems to ooze,

Then go to town some Saturday and soak jamb full
o' booze,

—And they kick the bucket over.

Dick Posey

And some women, too, I've saw 'em, trudging' 'long
life's rugged road,
Sleeves rolled up and faces streamin', shoulders
bendin' 'neath the load,
But their hearts were strong and cheery, passin'
round the latest news,
Sweep the cobwebs from your belfry when you're
pestered with the blues,
Bein' helpmeets to their husbands and a mother
to their flocks,
Milkin' cows and raisin' chickens, mendin' clothes
and darnin' socks,
Yieldin' up in life's fierce struggle all the precious
strength they've got,
Then, they get some pesky notion in their noddles,
like as not,

—And they kick the bucket over.

Or, an average congregation for example now,
you'll see
'Em pullin' 'long together, all yoked up in har-
mony.
Every heart a brimmin' over with the zeal of Chris-
tian love,
As they "Lift up their glad voices" to the canopy
above.
Every word the pulpit utters wakes an echo in the
pew,
And they all j'ine hands together just the best that
they can do,
Till—some lib'ral minded idee in amongst the
members steals,
Some switch off on bridge, or euchre, some to
kickin' up their heels,
—And they kick the bucket over

Dick Posey

Then, the preacher now, you notice, consecrated
heart and soul,
Givin' body, mind and spirit for to lead us to the
goal.

Leavin' new made ties and friendships as he goes
where duty calls,

Just good-bye and howdy-do, come whatever lot
befalls;

Take the choir and build it over,—try to make it
harmonize,

Get the trustees and the stewards with their faces
toward the skies;

Try to build a righteous temple out of purty knotty
stuff

—Then he'll preach too strong on doctrine, or else
maybe not enough,

—And he kicks the bucket over.

And you school ma'ams, too, I've watched you, and
you've earnt my sympathy.

Kids all right, but parents, blame 'em, ort to turn
them crost your knee!

If you're sick you must forget it, if you're mad
you've got to smile,

When you lick the little rascals, keep a smilin' all
the while.

Always keepin' sweet and cheerful spite of cold in-
gratitude,

Drivin' back life's mists and shadows with the sun-
shine of your mood,

—And a nation's hope reposin' in the holler of
your hand.

Then, you tackle matrimony, 'ppropriate some orn-
ery man,

—And you kick the bucket over.

Dick Posey

Smiles

We've no time to waste in sighing,
And life's transient, flitting years
Should be crowded full of gladness
With no room for sobs and tears.

Give me friends brimful of laughter,
Happy hearts without regret,
With hope's rainbow on their faces
And the "new moon, always wet."

Fill the chamber of the shut-in
With bouquets of smiles so gay;
Drive the shadows and the horror
From the silent tomb away.

True, the grave looks cramped and narrow
To our eyes bedimmed with sin,
But we'll have unbounded spaces
For our souls to frolic in.

And, perhaps we'll laugh in Heaven,
Crack our jokes around the throne,
And some jolly angels slyly
Touch our spirits' funny-bone.

O, our lives grow sweet with laughter,
And our hearts are purified,
For the radiance of our smiling
Leaves no spot where sin can hide.



Young man, don't start in givin' the whole world
advice till you can tell what color your chin-whis-
kers is goin' to be.

Dick Posey

Mother's Biscuits

When a fellow gets to musin' on the things that's
 passed away,
And gleanin' recollections from a long gone early
 day,
There's lots of things come crowdin' in, but none
 of 'em that wake
A fellow like the biscuits that his mother used to
 make.

Of course, I can't explain it, but her cookin', well
 it had
A flavor and a toothsome-ness no other cookin' had.
Her coffee and her doughnuts, corn-pone and pie and
 cake,
But best of all those biscuits that my mother used
 to bake.

I can't say how she done it, nor how she mixed
 her dough,
Nor how she kept her oven for to make 'em come
 out so;
But, I guess she mixed in gladness, mother love
 and kindly ways
And just stirred 'em all together, they couldn't
 help but raise.

I can look back now in fancy and see it all so clear
Across the shine and shadow and the mists of forty
 year.
There's mother at the bread board with her dear
 old welcome smile,
Her sleeves rolled up, a workin' and a talkin' all
 the while.

Dick Posey

And there's us grown up children with our wives
and husbands there
To visit Pap and Mother. And our children every-
where

A rompin' round and chasin' all the lonesomeness
away,
And Mother's tongue a runnin' in that same old
constart way.

And her table—Mother's table, with its cloth as
white as snow,
And the knives and forks and dishes just a shinin',
don't you know?

Roast chicken, brown as doughnuts, mashed per-
taters, mixed with cream,
Mince pies with cider in 'em, angel cake,—and
midnight dreams!

A big yellor cake of butter with an acorn printed on,
And her coffee, creamy golden, and us gulpin' of it
down

By the sasserful. And her biscuits, Mother's bis-
cuits, the kind 'hat can't be beat,
And Mother beamin' on us all, just a coaxin' us
to eat.

Well, drivin' home one evenin', I couldn't help but
kind

Of size up Sairy's cookin' against Mother's in my
mind.

I had a kind of feelin' I wa'n't treated on the
square,

—I felt real sorry for myself, thought I wasn't
treated fair.

And I, fool like, spoke to Sairy 'bout the fact that
maybe she

Dick Posey

Hadn't got 'way up in cookin' like a wife had ought
to be.

I saw it kind o' riled her, had a tendency to wake
A preju'dice 'gainst them biscuits that Mother used
to make.

But we 'rode on home in silence, both a feelin'
purty sore
And a nursin' of our feelin's, but we didn't say no
more.

We had early learnt the lesson that we never once
forgot,
To keep the tongue well bridled when the temper's
blazin' hot.

One day I caught my mother just slidin' through
the bars
'Long about noon,—the home place lay 'longside
next to ours.

I was most pesky hungry, so I asked her if she'd
take
Time to make some biscuits just like she used
to bake.

I can see her now as plain as if it was only yes-
terday,
As she turned around and faced me in her quiet
sort of way,
And kind o' smiled, says she, "Sairy's got as nice a
pan
Of biscuits as should suit the whim of any hungry
man."

But she said she'd come that evenin', so I went a
whistlin' on
As happy as a katydid a screechin' on the lawn,
And I gulped down Sairy's biscuits, but not enough
to take

Dick Posey

My ap'tite from them biscuits that Mother's goin'
to make.

And I told Sairy Mother was comin' that night for
tea,

And was goin' to make some biscuits just like they
ort to be;

Then I took a chaw tobacker, and told her just to
make

An item of them biscuits that Mother was goin'
to bake.

Say, I'll not forget that supper! The table it was
piled

With every thing that's toothsome, and I just set
there and smiled

And chuckled to myself,—even Sairy, she looked
pleased,

And when Mother asked the blessin' I saw she kind
of wheezed,

And looked amused, but then of course she'd do
the thing up right,

Then I got down to bizness, well, say, it was a
fright!

I charged upon them vittles with destruction in
my eye.

I et just 'leven biscuits and a half a punkin pie!

When we leant back from the table then Mother
took her say.

She asked me what I thought of Sairy's biscuits,
anyway.

Sairy's pies and Sairy's doughnuts, and fried
chicken,—Sairy's tea,

“And them biscuits, John, at dinner time, that pan
was baked by me.”

Dick Posey

I swan! I was dumbfounded, I looked foolish like
and bored,
—Tumbled to the whole blame bizness! Then
Mother lit in and scored
And scolded me like blazes. Told how a man can
change
A wife's true love to bitterness by complainin', and
think strange,

That the joy once showr at meetin' him had seemed
to slip away
And left a cold heart for him that was lovin' once
and gay.

"Are your feelin's as tender, John, as when Sairy
was a bride?

Do you stand as proud and manly now while
walkin' by her side?

"Are you proud about your dressin' yet? Your
necktie always straight?

Do you lift her from the carriage just as careful
now, and wait

A half hour glad and cheerful while she's fixin' up
to go?

Does your heart control your actions like it did
ten years ago?

"I tell you, John," she whispered in a sort of undertone,

"There's more hearthstones left desolate, more
evenin's spent alone

From this thing of complainin' than from all the
ills of life.

A man must be abidin' and indulgent with his
wife."

Dick Posey

Her words fell slow and solemn and I guess they
fit me tight,
But they cut like forked lightnin', for I knew that
she was right.
My length and breadth and thickness shriveled up
to half their size,
I felt so 'tarnal small I couldn't look in Sairy's
eyes.

But I sneaked a look 'crost at her with a sickly
sort of grin,
And I saw the tears a tricklin' down, and noticed
that her chin
Was nervous, like, and wabblin', and I couldn't
stand the strain,
So I rech around and kissed her, kerflop! and
kissed her 'gain.

And just kept on a kissin' her till Mother had to
come
And interfere for Sairy's sake. Well, after that,
our home
Was different and more peaceabler, I learned to
watch my say,
And Sairy's life grew happier and Sairy's face
grew gay.

The lowerin' clouds of discontent had rifted over-
head,
And beams of sunny happiness came showerin'
down instead.
I'll own up square. The medicine that did me
good to take,
Was that dose of Sairy's biscuits like Mother used
to make.

Dick Posey

When Pa Tried to Wean the Calf

You can talk about your circusses and movin' pictures, too,
And Coon camp-meetin's, haller e'ens and shiv-arees, but you
Can take my word, the hottest show that ever fetched a laugh
Was once one time when Pa he tried to wean our spotted calf.

The calf it milked the left hand ones, Pa milked them on the right,
And every blessed milkin' time the calf and Pa would fight;
It'd butt its head and switch its tail and dig right in like glory.
Pa said he had an awful time to hold his territory.

And the calf 'ud muss the cow up so sometimes Pa'd make it march.
He said he'd rather run his hand down in a crock o' starch.
He said he sometimes wished that calf was in a hotter region,
He said he'd have to wean the thing or give up his religion.

So he went and got a milk pan and he put some warm milk in,
And me, I clumb upon the fence to see the fun begin.
Pa saw me and he said, "That's right, my son, watch Papa, and

Dick Posey

You'll be a first class farmer when you get to be
a man."

Then he marched into the calf-pen, where the
spotted calf was at,
And he says, "Come on now Spotty, here's the dope
to make you fat!"
Then he put his hand down in it and stuck up his
finger, so.
He thought the calf would come and take it in its
mouth, you know.

And when it'd go to pullin', then he'd souse its nose
down in
The milk and then it'd go to drinkin'. And then he
says again,
"Come on now Spotty, here's your dope, come take
your medicun,"
But the calf just smelt Pa's finger and then it
broke and run.

Well, say, that was the smartest calf I purt' nigh
ever saw.
It knowed as well as any thing Pa's finger wa'nt
its ma.
And then Pa's fingers stickin' up instead of t'other
way,
And Pa didn't have no bell on, nor horns, nor
eatin' hay.
And then he took to chasix' it around and round
the pen,
It'd stop and size his finger up, then break and run
again.
I could see Pa's jaws a grindin' and his neck a
gettin' red

Dick Posey

I knowed some fun was comin' by the kind of
words he said.

Then he went and set the milk down where he
thought it's safe from harm,

And he says, "Ding bat. I'll show you who's runnin'
this here farm!"

And he spit on his hands and rolled his sleeves
clean to his neck,

"Now you'll see, you little rascal, who's runnin'
things, 'y Heck!

And he caught old Mister Spotty by the left ear and
his tail,

And the fun was on for little Willie roostin' on that
rail.

It was the beautifulest scrap they purt' nigh ever
was,

He ripped Pa's shirt clean up the back and bust
his gallusses!

Then Pa bent the calf plumb double and he yelled,
"You spotted brute,

I'll make you bite your pesky tail off, clear up to
your snoot."

Then the calf let out a beller and scooted right be-
tween

Pa's old bow-legs and took him on its back as slick
and clean

As a whistle. And Pa just howled and grabbed up
Spotty's tail

And they shashayed round the calf-pen like a
schooner under sail.

Well, I just stood up and hollered, and then Carlo
started in,

Dick Posey

And the hens and geese and guineas all kicked up
an awful din.

And the pigs squealed, and the colts and calves
went tearin' 'crost the lot,

And the gobbler and the turkey hen j'ined in the
turkey trot,

And the crows and yeller-hammers—Oh, you'd just
a thought for shore

Noah's Ark had scraped bottom and he'd opened
up the door.

Then the calf it kind o' humped its back and
threwed Pa, clean as silk,

And kicked him in the stummick and set down in
the milk.

He looked and ketched me laughin', and I hadn't
done no harm,

He says, "What you laughin' for?" Says I, "I'm
learnin' how to farm."

Gee! he was mad; he started in again, then shook
his head,

And said, "O shucks and fiddlesticks!" and that
was all he said.

He limped away and left the fce a holdin' down
the fiel',

But Pa got even with him, for he sold the calf
for veal.



When it comes to chewing tobacco

I take off my hat to old Pete McGrath.

Every time Pete kisses his wife,

She has to take a bath.

Dick Posey

The Contrariest Man

Yes, old Cy Jenkins is, I s'pose,
About the most contrariest,
Outlandish mortal, Goodness knows!
Just seems like old Cy is possest.
No matter what your views may be
He'll somehow, always take his stand
Just opposite, and Gee-mun-nee-
He'll argy just to beat the band!

Cy's 'bout the only Democrat
In this whole town. Just kind o' tease
And egg him, he'll throw down his hat,
Spit on his hands, roll up his sleeves,
And sweat and foam and work his jaw
And tell us how things should be run,
But when he lived in Arkansaw
He was a sta'nch Republican.

The Council passed an ordinance
To keep all hogs and cows shet up.
Then you'd ort to see old Cy prance
And tear around and get het up
And cuss the Council black and blue,
And spit ambeer and say, says he:
"What's this here town a comin' to?
You Council don't know A-B-C!

"Now, what's beautifuller than a cow,
A peaceful cow, say in the street
Or yer yard? Or a nice clean sow
And pigs? They're mighty hard to beat.
I won't set still and be opprest,
I'll recall ye,—I'll make ye quail!"

Dick Posey

But when the stock was bein' assest
Cy hadn't nary hide nor tail.

He kicked his wife clean off the place
And told her just to stay away,
And not come back and show her face
Ner whine,—then he skipped out next day.
But when she'd got her a deevorce,
Here old Cy come a snortin' back
And went and captured her by force
And married her again, By Jack!

We all thought once he's goin' to die,
And we were tryin' to look sad
Around his bed, and even Cy
Hisself was feelin' mighty bad.
He hadn't cussed for more'n a week
And acted human towards his wife,
Till all at once he noticed Zeke
Hatch, the coffin man, big as life

A lookin' greedy at him. Say,
He jumped out in his stockin' feet,
And not much else,—and then, away,
He chased him up and down the street
And treed him up a post and jest
Cussed him up one side and down,
And then he limped back home and drest,
—Since then Cy's gained 'bout fifty poun'.



Speakin' of slander and back-bitin'; if you turn
a turkey buzzard loose in Paradise, in fifteen min-
utes it'll have its beak buried in some old rotten
carkus.

Dick Posey

The Flag

O the bright
Starry light,
Mingled red and blue and white,
Of our flag that floats in rapture from the steeple's
dizzy height.

See it fly
Up so high
Till it strains the weary eye,
As it rolls its bright waves upward till they nestle
in the sky.

Alien foe
Strikes a blow
At the flag we're loving so,
And an outraged nation springs to arm with curses
deep and low.

Khaki-clad
Men go mad,
Spartan mothers, fiercely glad,
Offer up the fondest treasures that their hearts
have ever had.

Mother wild,
Slaughtered child,
Smoking thresholds, maids defiled.
German brutes, with reeking fingers, bestial lusts
and souls exiled.

Frenzied prayer,
Lost in air,
—Is there no God anywhere?
Shall this relic of Dark Ages sink all Europe in
despair?

Dick Posey

From the West
On the crest,
Of Atlantic's billows pressed,
Comes the champion of Freedom, suckled at her
snowy breast.

From the moil
And the toil
Of America's turmoil,
It's the virile seed of Europe, sprung from out a
virgin soil.

'Tis a band,
Reckless, grand,
Masterpiece of God's right hand,
And they're shouting "Yankee Doodle," "Hail
Columbia, Happy Land."
And the throng
Swells a song
And its melodies prolong;
"We are Coming, France, We're Coming and We're
Coming Millions Strong!"

Memories yet,
Of LaFayette,
With our Continentals met,
Stir their hearts with martial ardor, aching throats
and lashes wet.

Champions we,
France, with thee,
In the drive for liberty,
Shoulders touching, hopes entwining, martyrs to
humanity.

Hugging tight
Flag so bright,

Dick Posey

'They rush headlong to the fight,
And the hot, red blood goes pounding through their
arteries in the flight.

Belgians glad,

Kaiser sad,

Wishing that he never had,
Yankee linked with Frank and Briton, Hell broke
loose and Heaven gone mad!

Flag of mine,

Flag of thine.

Millions worship at thy shrine.
Earthly hope is centered in thee, stripes that gleam
and stars that shine.

When we lie

Down to die,

Plain, ignoble, you and I,
Let us wrap these colors 'round us as a passport
through the sky!



There's nothing that lifts the soul of a fly
From this mundane sphere to the vaulted sky,
As to light on the brow of your custard pie
And scrape the typhoid germs off of his fetlocks.



Aunt Martha Jane was never kissed, she never had
a beau,
But now she wears her new spring hat trimmed up
in mistletoe.

Dick Posey

Hawg Meat

I have studdied human natur'
Off and on for sixty year,
And I've noticed that our diet
Counts a heap in our career.
Our lives are built and fashioned
By the kind of grub we eat.
If you want a man what is a man,
Just feed him plain hawg meat.

You say they're filthy? Granted.
But some animals are wuss;
Us humans, we eat hawg meat,
Are they filthier than us?
"Purty is what purty does,"
As the old saw used to say.
I know some folks, 'y Cripes!
They'd gag an old sow, any day.

They say that fish are wholesome,
And a great food for the brain.
Well, there's the Siwash Injuns,
Just observe 'em, then explain.
Now take chickens, geese and turkeys,
—Blamed weak diet for mankind!
They haint the essence in 'em
Like good corn-fed hawgs, you'll find.

Take me and all our fambly
For example, if you please.
All hawg-fed from the cradle
And we boast our pedigrees,
All born farmers, pure and simple,
(With the politician's pull),
I'm School Clerk o' this here deestric
And may stand for constable.

Dick Posey

Bill, he's Justice o' the Peace,
'Lected strong, without one pledge,
Hangs his shingle out in Phoenix,
Got his eye on County Jedge.
Jake's a cop, right here in Medford,
And he's our next sheriff, shore;
Josh, he's got an eye for bizness,
So he'll tend the county pore.

Jane, she'll take school sup'rintendent,
And she's lightnin' on the run,
Jane's a great hand for the chidlren,
An old maid and haint got none.
Understand, we don't want office,
All of us are satisfied,
But our friends just pile it on us,
For they know we're qualyified.

Which eclustrates my pet idee
'Bout our diet, don't you see?
'Course, it took good brains and judgment
For to h'ist us where we be,
But it's brains backed up with hawg meat,
—Good old Berkshire simmered down
Into good hoss-sense and git-there
That has fetched us our renown.

Show me a man that conquers worlds
And scales Fame's dizzy height,
—He's pokin' hawg meat down his neck
Mornin', noon and night.
It puts the ginger in you
And some gumption in your hat,
It's our nation's hope and promise,
Just plain hawg meat, good and fat.

Dick Posey

The Land Of I Wisht It Was

Up in the land of I Wisht It Was,
It's beautiful, Goodness knows!
There ain't no whippin's up there because
There ain't no whips that grows.
There's lots o' candy and lemonade,
'And movin' pictur's free,
And great big puddles o' marmalade
Just made for you and me.

Mammas and papas up there, you know,
Just smile the livelong day,
There ain't no work, nor school to go,
Hain't nothin' but just play.
Cherries without no stummick-ake,
Bees with no stingers in,
And fairy automobiles to take
Us out for a little spin.

O, that dear land of I Wisht It Was!
Where is it hidin' at?
It must be the place where old Santa Claus
Pastures his reindeers fat.
There's ice for skatin' without no cold,
And flowers without no hot,
And everything's free and nothin' sold,
Just help yourself or not.

They say we must cross the Land of Nod
And the land of Our Dreams Come True,
To where our little shoes never trod
But just where the fairies do.
We always go in the dead of night
On night-mares with wings of gauze,
That never stop till they land us right
In the Land of I Wisht It Was.

Dick Posey

Twins

John and I were twins, you know,
Just as like as like could be.
They never were real certain
Which was John and which was me.
And the way we used to cut up
It really was a shame,
—We d sometimes get mixed up ourselves
As to which was t'other's name.

We both grew up together
And we held our likeness still,
Just plumb alike, inside and out
Like two peas, if you will.
We liked the same grub, games and toys,
Same books and clothes, and so
We both surrendered to the same
Piece of female calico.

Mollie Jenkins was her name,
—Just as purty as a pink,
With her lips and cheeks like roses
And her eyes as black as ink.
And when she'd peep from under
Her sun-bonnet, well it set
Our hearts a dancin' hornpipes
And mine's still a dancin' yet.

Let come a candy pullin'
Or a spellin'-bee, we'd jest
Both light right out for Jenkinses'
Ragged up in our Sunday best,
And laugh and josh each other

Dick Posey

As good-natured as could be.
Her pap he ust to rig her
'Bout committin' bigamy.

We always kept together,
Walkin' through life hand in hand,
We had the selfsame politics
And the same religious brand.
And when the war-god cracked his whip
And stirred men's spirits high,
We joined the home militia,
Pledged ourselves to win or die.

And then our country called us,
And we marched off side by side,
Our eyes were drippin' tear-drops
And our hearts were filled with pride.
And Mollie pinned a rosebud
On each of us, you see,
And John said, "Why Sam, they're twins, too,
Just the same as you and me."

And so we tramped the battlefields
Together, fought our way
Across the Land of Dixie,
Felt stern battle's thrill and sway.
We drained each other's canteens,
Shared the last crumb, don't you see?
Ah, we were comrades, well as twins,
My brother John and me.

They tried to make him Corporal,
And I saw him lift his head
With a soldier's proud ambition
And my heart sank down like lead.

Dick Posey

But I said, "Go to it, John,"
He clasped my hand and spoke up calm:
"Excuse me, Captain, but I guess
I'll just stick back here with Sam."

And so, we stayed plain privates,
With no frills nor shoulder straps,
Just common soldiers, and maybe
It was just as well, perhaps,
For a soldier is a soldier
If his heart beats strong and true,
And he feels he's dedicated
To the old Red, White and Blue.

One night we lay at Gettysburg,
The air seemed dense and still;
The soldiers talked in whispers,
Each bosom felt the thrill
Of unknown tragedy that breathed
A nation's hope or woe.
Us Yankees didn't brag as loud
As usual, don't you know.

We sat beside our camp fire
And I'd took my pen in hand
To write a good long letter
Back to Mollie, understand.
John had heard from her that evening,
Me, I'd heard the week before.
She always wrote us turn about,
To keep us from gettin' sore.

John read his through and then kept mum,
—Not a word from her to me.
She always sent her love to John

Dick Posey

In my letters, don't you see?
Then John he spoke up sassy, like:
"Well, who are you writin' to?"
"That's my affair, not yours," says I,
"Is that clear enough for you?"

"I guess I grasp your meanin',"
John he answers, laughin' light,
As he unrolls his blankets
And curled up for the night.
I tried to write, but couldn't,
So I put the things away
And that letter that I started
Hain't been finished to this day.

And that night, I can't forget it,
Mollie's white face ha'nted me,
Sometimes sad and sometimes smilin',
But 'twas sweet as Heaven can be.
And I felt my heart grow icy
Towards my brother in his bed.
God help me, but I hated John,
I almost wished him dead.

Next day the Hell of battle
Scorched old Gettysburg. Blue and Gray
Fought like blood-crazy demons
For the glory of the day.
A nation's hope hung balanced
In the giddy hand of Fate,
And the hearts of men grew cruel
With a cold and bitter hate.

Our comrades tumbled round us
And the Johnnies bit the dust,

Dick Posey

We fought and cursed and shouted
In the craze of battle's lust,
The hot lead rained around us
Like fierce hailstones in a storm,
And the vicious minie bullets
Bit our ragged uniform.

And then the Johnnies charged us,
And they bent our front like wire,
They come with blood a streamin'
And their guns a belchin' fire.
We rallied, then went at 'em
And we hit back left and right,
We fired, then clubbed our muskets
In a rough and tumble fight.

I mixed it with a Texan,
He nipped me, I winged him, too;
Then he wrenched my musket from me
And was 'bout to run me through,
When John, he jerked me backwards
And sprung at him with a yell;
But the Texan beat him to it,
And,—I caught John as he fell.

God only knows the agony
That cut me like a knife.
I'd offered him my hatred
And he'd offered me his life.
"O John, what made you do it?
It had better far been me,"
I groaned. He pressed my hand and
Said, "Why, Sam, we're twins, you see."
"And Sam," he gasped, a spittin' red,
"Mollie sent her love to you,

Dick Posey

Take her, old boy, but recollect
Your brother loved her, too."
"No, no, John; you're her favorite,
She wrote me so," I lied.
"You've got to live for Mollie's sake.
You're not a goin' to die."

A look of joy lit up his face
That thrilled me through and through,
He thought clean to his dyin' day
That what I said was true.
Some lies are holier than truth,
But I felt all hope was gone
When I tore Mollie from my heart
And gave her up to John.

The surgeons kind o' patched him up
And sent me back to him,
And sometimes on that awful trip
His spark of life glowed dim;
But I would fan it to a flame
By sayin, "Brace up now, come,
You'll soon have Mollie nursin' you,
We're gettin' purty nigh home."

Pap met us at the depot
With a big, fat feather bed;
And we got John home alive and
That was all that could be said.
I saw him restin' peaceful
In the best room that they was,
Then I kissed Mother and I hiked
Right out for Jenkinses.

Found Mollie in the kitchen
Fryin' doughnuts; all in vain

Dick Posey

I'd tore her image from my heart,
—She flopped back in again.
She come with eyes a streamin',
Her sweetheart's love on her face,
She was mine but for the askin',
And I prayed God for His grace.

Boys, I've fought a-many a battle
On the fields of Dixie Land,
I've strove and sweat and wrestled
With Death's angel, hand to hand,
But with Mollie's arms around me
And her warm kiss coaxin' me,
'Twas worse than Gettysburg to do
A brother's part by John, you see.

So, I told her all about it,
Told how grand and brave and true
He had battled for his country
And the old Red, White and Blue;
How he offered up his life for me
And to her his heart he'd give,
Said I'se 'feared he's mortal wounded
And he warn't a goin' to live.

I felt her tremble in my arms
And my soul cried out in pain.
I tried to hide my feelin's
But I know she read me plain.
Then she kissed me, long and ling'rin
And her face was pale and drawn,
"Well, Sam," she whispered, sobbin' like,
"Guess I might as well take John."

And so I led her to him
And was proud to see the joy

Dick Posey

That lighted up the tortured face
Of that poor wounded boy.
And when I tip-toed to the door
And gently pulled it shut,
Her face shone like a angel's
And her eyes were swimmin' wet.

Yes, he rallied 'neath her nursin'
And he soon was hobblin' round,
And they's happy as two turtle doves
at matin' time. I found
Comfort and consolation
In their happiness, you know,
And got myself half reconciled
'Longside of Marthy Crow.

At last their weddin' night rolled round
And such a time we had.
My heart was healed, and just to see
Them happy made me glad.
And with Marthy hooked up to my arm
As rosy as the dawn,
And all the neighbors riggin' us
And just a takin' on.

We danced the gay cowtillyern,
And the old Virginny Reel,
And drunk hard cider good and stiff
Till it tingled in your heel.
We hugged the bride and wished 'em
All the joys to kingdom come,
And sung that good old sacred hymn,
"When Johnnie Comes Marchin' Home."

Then Marthy and I were married
'Long about the first of June,

Dick Posey

And went to John's and Mollie's
For to spend our honeymoon.
Pap built me up a cottage,
Just across from John's, you see,
And there we were, all four of us,
Just as happy as could be.

Years passed by and there we lived
In sweet and ca'm content.
Of course, we had our ups and downs
As the seasons came and went.
John's wound would keep a breakin' out
And I had his work to do;
And he got a big fat pension,
And he cut it square in two.

But he kept a growin' frailer, like,
And weaker with the years.
I knew he'd soon be leavin' us
And Mollie, she had her fears.
She nursed and brooded over him
And watched him night and day,
And just before last harvest time
His spirit passed away.

Well, John, he was scarcely planted
When my great affliction come.
And I was left a widower
In my cold and cheerless home.
And poor Mollie, just across the road
Was mournin' hard for John,
And me, I mourned for Marthy,
And both of us all alone.

Sometimes we'd walk together
To the graveyard, and we'd set

Dick Posey

A weepin' there in silence
Till our handkerchers were wet.
And my heart it went out to her
In her sorrow, and she'd say
Words of comfort to me
That would soothe my grief away.

I felt so sorry for her,
No man she could call her own;
And she felt sorry, too, for me
A bachin' there all alone.
So, I'd do her chores up for her
And she'd have me in for tea,
And a nice, hot breakfast for me,
And for dinner, don't you see?

And, I got to feelin' younger like,
And spryer, in a sense.
Sometimes I'd start for Mollie's
I could jump a ten-rail fence.
There's nothin' else that limbers up
An old man's j'int's, you see,
Like bereavement—leaves him active
And kind o' frolicky.

At last our mournin' ended,
—Three long months of bitter grief,
And I walked across to Mollie's
With a feelin' of relief.
And when I popped the question
She embraced me till I'se weak,
"O Samuel! Sam-u-ell!" says she,
"I'se 'feared you'd never speak."

Dick Posey

I've Got My Fingers Crossed

Do you recall that good old game of tag we used
to play?

We'd chase and tag each other 'round the barn the
livelong day,

And try to make some fellow "It," then steal the
base he'd lost,

When he'd yell, "Hey! you can't get me, I've got
my fingers crossed."

We've all grown up to manhood, but we're still
a-playin' tag.

Bill has a great big dry-goods store, you ought to
hear him brag.

A big card in the window says he's se'lling out at
cost,

But when you pin him down you'll find he's got his
fingers crossed.

John's just an honest farmer, politicians tell him so.
He takes great pride in raising spuds, his hobby,
don't you know?

But seems the biggest, smoothest ones up to the
top get tossed,

And when you dig down deep you'll find John's got
his fingers crossed.

I fell in love with Susie Brown and dogged her till
she cried,

And promised her earth's richest gifts if she would
be my bride.

I vowed I'd be her slave for life, no matter what
the cost,

But now she takes in washing and I've got my
fingers crossed.

Dick Posey

Wealth Has Its Burdens

Since I sold out on Big Sticky
And begun to take my ease,
I have seen a great big lot of
Human Natur', if you please.
Folks that ust to pass right by us
With their noses in the air
Bow and scrape to me and Marthy
And invite us everywhere.

Bankers, agents, real-estaters
Point the way to certain wealth,
And every doctor in the county
Feels deep interest in our health.
Politicians button-hole me,
Drag me off into their den,
Offer me a seat in Congress,—
Then they strike me for a "Ten".

Then these ortermobile agents,
(Their cheek covers their whole face),
Somehow got wind of my nest-egg
And come nosin' bout the place.
Come from Ashland by the dozen,
Just a glitterin', My Stars!
And a great big bunch from Medford
With their billion dollar cyars.

And they took us out joy-ridin',
Me and my whole fambily,
Me and Marthy and six childern,
All corn-fed and plump, you see.
And we'd wedge in there like sardine?

Dick Posey

And I'd tell the sheffoniere
Just to "Turn her loose, Professor,"
Then set back and split the air.

And they camped there, night an' mornin',
And my Marthy she declares
That the smudge from out their engines
Saved our crop of Bartlett pears.
And I'd allus pick the finest,
Biggest, slickest cyars, you see,
For there's none too good, 'Y Gravy!
For my fambily and me.

Well, the weeds they took my garden
And I clean forgot to plow,
And the women quit house-cleanin'
And we seldom milked the cow,
Till at last I ketched the fever,—
Took the agents at their word,
And I went down to the garbage
And bought a second-handed Ford.



Some men are jamb full of the milk of human
kindness, but the trouble is it's gone blinky.

It is far easier for a rich man to pass through the
eye of a camel than for a poor man to enter the
United States Senate.

Some men are so tarnation scared of microbes
that they'd rather tussle with a rattlesnake than
to drink out of the same cup a neighbor has used in
the chair car, but they're tickled to death to sneak
off into the smoker and suck the same old bottle
of booze with half a dozen other slobberin' old sots.

Dick Posey

Just Common Folks

Just common folks, plain common folks, just folks,
like you and me,

Where heart meets heart and soul meets soul in
kindly harmony.

Where pomp and pride are banished and old Nature
claims her own,

Where hopes and fears

And joys and tears

Spring from the heart alone.

Just common folks, I know we're plain, our hands
are stiff from toil,

We wrest from Nature's stubborn clutch the bounty
of her soil;

We pierce the mountain's stony heart and lay her
treasures bare:

The lust of strife

Enfolds each life

And holds us prisoned there.

Perchance we're rude, uncultured, but Love hath
found a home

Eternal in our bosoms. Suffering speaks, the tear
doth come.

The calloused palm can press the brow as light as
eiderdown.

We sweep life's keys

And melodies

Sublime we make our own.

Just common folks. Our fare is plain, but Love hath
spread the board.

Dick Posey

No works of art adorn our walls, but, those old
words, adored,
In sweetest benediction breathe the prayer, "God
Biess Our Home."

Our toil is blent
With sweet content
And dreamless slumbers come.

Just common folks. Our neighbors' lot we hold
with constant care,
And when we clasp their hands we feel their warm
hearts throbbing there.
We cluster round their firesides in soul communion
deep.

Make glad our voice
When they rejoice
And weep with them that weep.

Just common folks. A helpless world holds out its
puny hand,
To take the crust we offer. The mightiest of the
land
Are clay within our fingers; we mould them as we
will.

The shuttle flies
Beneath our eyes
Fate's warp and woof to fill.

Just common folks. Yon gallant fleet was launched
from out our hand,
Yon city, teeming with the hordes and wealth of
every land,
Found birth within our concept. Earth's miracles
are wrought

Within the toil
Of common toil.
With common patience fraught.

Dick Posey

Come, tread with me yon stately halls where Wis-
dom holds her sway,
Where Justice, clad in ermine robes, decrees from
day to day
The fate of nations. Looking back to childhood's
days of yore,

We hail with joy
The barefoot boy
Behind the plow once more,
—Just common folks.

We're lifted up in fancy to that realm of purest joy,
Where angels tread Elysian fields of bliss without
alloy.

No tears to shed for sorrow and no evil to atone,

Where loved ones raise

Their voice in praise

Around the great White Throne.

We watch them awed, enraptured, time hath no
measure now,

The shining kiss of Heaven rests upon each saintly
brow.

Their garments wove from threads of love in earth's
brief span of years,

Their diadems

Bedecked with gems,

Distilled from mortal tears.

And all the shining hosts are there, as far as eye
can see,

And in their midst, all glorified, the Man of Galilee.

We speak to one beside us, "O tell us, who are
they?"

With smile as bright

As Heaven's light,

He reverently doth say,

"Just common folks.

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